

**i used to hate you (but i changed my mind)**

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# **i used to hate you (but i changed my mind)**

by [Talinor](#)

## Summary

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Quackity and Wilbur finally talk about their feelings.

## Notes

this can make sense on its own, but i would recommend reading the other fics in this series for this one to fully make sense!

i finally wrote a third part! sorry it's been a couple weeks, but all my Creative energy was being used on a dnd game that was coming back. it's back now, so i had some free time to work on this

the title's from Stuck On You by nothing but thieves, bc we're continuing that trend

enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It was finally time.

After weeks upon weeks of preparation, building, and recruitment, Las Nevadas was finally ready to be opened to the public. It had to make a memorable first impression, start off with a bang and *really* lure in some business. So every establishment within the desert jewel was going to be subject to a Grand Opening party: prices were reduced, little free trinkets were prepared, the whole shebang. Every building was decorated even *more* to the nines than usual.

It was an open event, but flyers were posted around certain spots in the server to attract attention. Mainly areas near spawn that would be sure to be seen by plenty of people, but one went to a different spot. A quieter, more secluded area. A flyer sent right to the door of one person that Quackity, for once, *wanted* to show up.

Wilbur.

The two of them had unfinished business, and he was tired of stepping around it. If he was being played, he wanted the game to be over. If Wilbur was *genuine*, well... That was a whole other story. One he found himself wanting to read despite himself.

When the fateful day rolled around, he'd almost forgotten he'd sent that flyer. Almost. Things were chaotic, every citizen helping out with any and all last-minute preparations. Things were absolutely gorgeous... but there was always one more thing to do, one more slight flaw to correct before the general public saw it.

Then people started arriving, and *that* was a whole other beast.

For the most part, it was just a sea of nobodies. Barely notable citizens of the server just looking to live their lives most nights, but cut loose on this one. He made nice when he had to. People he knew personally were less frequent, but still arrived: Eret, Tubbo, Ranboo. Hell, even *Phil* showed up. Their conversation was terse and tense, but thankfully ended before things got nasty.

He spent the first couple hours mingling amongst the night life. Doing his Presidential duty: making connections, meeting potential business partners or new citizens, the kinda shit he used to have to do all the time on Schlatt's behalf. Now it was for *his* benefit, not anyone else's. The rush of power from that thought alone made the more boring stuff bearable.

Still, eventually he went out for a breather by the Needle's balcony, overlooking his nation. He was surrounded by exciting music and excited chatter, but no one bothered him. Yet.

No one from Kinoko had bothered to visit as far as he was aware. Which should have bothered him more, but he pushed that away with surprising ease. He'd sent off those good memories already, let them burn away not to bother him anymore. It would have been *nice* to see Sapnap or Karl, but if they didn't wanna join in on the fun? Their loss, not his problem. They forgot him first.

What bothered him *far* more, to his chagrin, was the fact that he hadn't seen hide nor hair of Wilbur yet. Quackity thought he'd jump at the chance. He'd practically laid out the red carpet for the man, sent him a personal flyer and everything, and still nothing.

Figures. The one time Wilbur's invited into Las Vegas is the one time he decides to be a no-show. If Wil were here, he'd probably say some bullshit about dramatic irony or something.

But Wilbur wasn't here, and Quackity was getting anxious. He'd been prepared to have this talk tonight. Get things squared away and settled between them, one way or another. He'd prepared himself for almost every outcome. Prepared for a shouting match, for heartbreak, for something more he dared not name.

He didn't prepare for getting stood up. Typical unpredictable wildcard firecracker Wilbur.

His special drink wasn't helping his nerves much, but he had more anyway. Might as well stay hydrated while waiting at least. Lighthearted nonsense banter around him turned to hushed barely-distinguishable murmuring. If he wanted to, he could try and pick up whatever they were saying over the music, but he wasn't in the mood to snoop.

Thankfully, the reason they were gossiping made himself apparent pretty quick.

"*There* you are." Even before he looked, he could perfectly envision the smirk those aggravatingly distracting lips had formed. He was loath to admit how many times those lips or that accented voice had been the subject of his thoughts. "I've been looking for you, Big Q. Starting to think you were avoiding me, to be honest."

He scoffed and met Wilbur's gaze. The ultraviolet lights really made those red irises *pop* in *such* a captivating way. "Why would you think that?" He almost admitted the obvious reason he hadn't been avoiding Wil, but voicing 'I made the conscious choice to let *you* specifically know about this event because I wanted to see you' was a *lot* different than implying it. They needed to lead into that, at least.

Wil pursed his lips in fake consideration. "Well, I'd *heard* that the President himself was meeting everyone important personally, and yet I hadn't been included in that list." It turned into a played-up pout. "*Really* hurt my feelings."

"You live in a van."

"First off, that van houses a *perfectly credible business*," he said matter-of-factly. He continued despite Quackity's snort. "Second off, after everything we've been through, I thought I'd at least be of note enough for you to seek out."

He quirked up a brow. "You got the flyer, didn't you?"

"Well, yes," Wilbur admitted. "But I assume most people got one personally." He paused, observing how Q tried and failed to hide his reaction to that. The spark of realization lit in his eyes. "Unless I'm incorrect." He tilted his head a little, leaning more into Quackity's personal

space. “How many people got personal flyers, Big Q? Practically invitations to your big showcase?”

He elbowed Wil’s side lightly, using the movement as an excuse to bring them a little closer. “You *know*, you fucking asshole.” The swearing had a little fire to it, but purely for comfortable warmth instead of spiteful burns.

“I have a feeling, but I want to know whether or not it’s correct.”

“That’s just a convoluted way of saying you want me to admit it.”

“I do,” Wilbur’s voice went low as he leaned closer to Quackity’s ear to still be discernible amidst the music. “Does that bother you?”

He sighed, letting his body shiver slightly despite the growing heat in his system. “It doesn’t, don’t worry.” It still surprised him how thoughtful Wil could be, in all the best ways. When he wasn’t busy being a prick, at least. Silence momentarily settled between them. Wil was giving him time to think about whether or not he wanted to admit what they both already knew.

Fuck it. He said he wanted to stop dancing around whatever was going on between them, and now it was time to put his money where his mouth was.

“Only one personal flyer was sent in the *entire* server.” He gave his companion a small smirk as he leaned into Wil’s personal space a lil bit more. “Want me to spell it out more than that, or do you have the message?”

Wilbur hummed in consideration before shaking his head. “Nah, that’s good enough. I do have another question for you though: *why?*”

That was the real kicker, wasn’t it. He asked it himself more than once. Such a simple word carried so much.

His throat felt dry, so he took a drink. A lil bit of liquid courage. The look Wilbur gave the clear glass didn’t escape his attention.

After he was done, Quackity finally spoke. “I’ve, uh... been thinking about you a lot. Since that night out in the desert, you’ve occupied at least a *liiiiittle* corner of my brain.” He gestured with his fingers at ‘little’ with his free hand. Wilbur listened with rapt attention. “I don’t need to specify what night. You weren’t at the forefront most of the time- I had a lot on my plate, after all- but...” He sighed. “I thought it was just some stupid effect of the drink, but visiting you in your shitty little shack? Didn’t make it go away. Made it worse, actually.”

He took a shaky breath before continuing. Wilbur didn’t interrupt, only stayed thankfully silent. He wasn’t sure he could take any teasing right now, showing his hand like this. It was a risky play. But it was one he *had* to do, unless he wanted to stay in this weird limbo.

“You are one of the most aggravating and unpredictable people I’ve ever met,” he continued on a strong note. “But you were there for me when I needed you, and you didn’t overstay

your welcome or step over any boundaries when it mattered. ‘Cause of that, I... I still don’t know how to describe how I feel about you but it’s *something*. Something dangerous.”

“Is it a *welcome* danger?” Wilbur asked, keeping his tone even and neutral.

Quackity hesitated to answer. “Yes... *and* no, I guess.” He sighed, letting his shoulders drop the stress they’d been carrying. “I haven’t had the best luck with...” ‘Love’ was a far too heavy word for this discussion. He didn’t even wanna think about when it might be an apt description. Didn’t want to get his hopes up for the future. “...Relationships, as you probably know. And I dunno what ours could or even fuckin’ *should* be, but...” He leaned closer, their faces only a couple inches apart now. His heart beat rapidly in his throat. “I’m ready to cash in the offer from that night, if it’s still available.”

Wilbur smiled sadly. “I’d love nothing more, but I hate to sound like a broken record.” His eyes flitted down to Quackity’s drink, and he didn’t need to say what was on his mind. What was keeping him hesitant. “These words are touching and a relief to hear- not to mention less slurred- but... do you *mean* them? Are they genuine, or is this just the alcohol talking?”

He considered just flat-out telling him, but he decided to play in this space. “Before I answer,” he leaned back a little. “I want my own answer. What do you feel about me, Wilbur?”

“That’s a very loaded question. One I’m sure you know the answer to already.”

“I have a feeling,” Quackity smirked. “But I wanna know if I’m right or not.”

Wilbur chuckled. “Using my own words against me. I see how it is.” He shook his head with a smile. “Very well, I’ll try to be brief: you *challenge* me. You’ve always made me want to be better, to *prove* myself. Primarily to the server in general, but also to you. Somewhere along the lines, that... evolved. In a way I’m not sure how to describe, even with my propensity for wordplay. But I do know this: I’ll take whatever you can give me, as long as it’s given with a clear head.”

Quackity smiled softly and lifted his glass to Wilbur’s lips. “Then take this.”

Wilbur’s brows furrowed slightly in confusion, but he hesitantly obeyed and opened his mouth slightly. His hand went over Quackity’s, helping tilt it to push the liquid to its destination. As soon as the clear liquid hit his tongue, surprise was alight in his eyes. He gently pushed the glass back to his companion and swallowed.

“Not a bad shot of water, right?” He asked with a teasing edge to his tone. “The finest in Las Vegas.”

“You’ve been drinking water from a champagne glass all night? *Why?*” There was bewilderment, but not harshness to his words.

He shrugged. “Why not?” He tilted his head toward Wilbur. “So... now you know. I’m completely sober, and this is a voluntary- if not completely crazy- choice of mine.” He raised a brow. “You ready to receive what I wanna give?”

The look in Wilbur's eyes reignited. "I've never *been* more ready."

They both leaned in and clashed, taking a moment to adjust to the other. It was chaotic and unpredictable, but in all the best ways. Wilbur's lips felt better on his than they had on his knuckles. Wil himself could probably testify a similar feeling about Quackity's lips on his vs. how they were against his stitches. Wil's hands cradled his face like they had that fateful night: like he was precious, loved, *enough*. He let out a pleased hum.

He could hear gasping and scandalized murmurs from a few watchers in the crowd, but he couldn't find it in himself to give much of a damn. They could stare all they wanted. There was certainly gonna be a show.

The two of them were still unsure of what this was, or how far it would truly go, but for tonight? It was simply *enough*.

## End Notes

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my tumblr: squishy--squish

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